

'How France Is Governed'

FRANCE, in common with the United States, has a President who is both a historian and a writer of uncommon grace of expression. Wherever the narration of fact permits felicity of phrase throughout the pages of Raymond Poincaré's *How France Is Governed* the President of the French Republic does not permit the opportunity to pass by, as the reader may note, for example, in the opening paragraph of his chapter on *The Commune*, where, in twenty lines, one is filled with the complete sense of to what a remote antiquity so many villages and towns of France hark back. Nor do little homely, familiar touches escape him, as in the case of his mentioning, in the chapter on *The President of the French Republic*, the gallery of cloak rooms: "It is here that the Senators and Deputies hang up their hats and coats." One feels as if the President was showing one about Versailles as his guest.

This book is not a new one, but to all those who are interested in the Government of France of to-day and who do not know the volume its republication at this time is a distinct one.

HOW FRANCE IS GOVERNED. By RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.

Sir Oliver Lodge's Memoir, "Christopher"

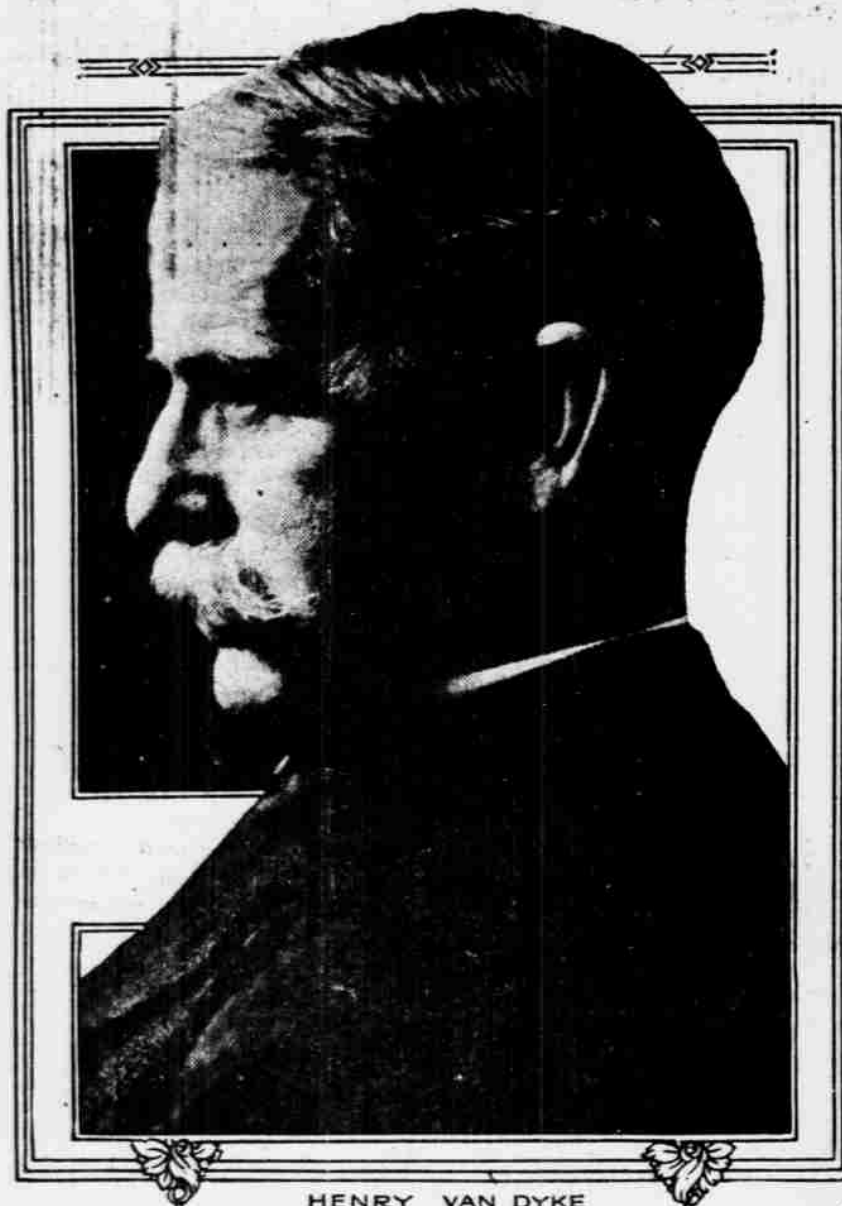
ONE is likely to imagine that Sir Oliver Lodge's *Christopher* will be another *Raymond: or Life and Death*, and it does resemble that in certain respects, as all books must which deal with English youths who have died in the early morning of life. No communication with the next world is recorded here, though it is suggested, and so the two books are sharply differentiated. *Christopher* is, more than anything else, a study of how one mother has met grief, given us in the form of the memoir of her son, Christopher Tennant, who was killed in Flanders in 1917 at the age of 19 while serving as Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards. A complete biography of the boy's life is given, a memoir of his mother, and his letters from public schools, Sandhurst and the Welsh Guards, and the day of his death, a month after he went on active service. Letters from friends and fellow officers written after his death are also included.

The Tennant family is an old and honorable English family, tracing its ancestry direct to Oliver Cromwell, and the boy Christopher received from his mother a strain of pure Welsh blood, which was perhaps the strongest he had. Through the marriage of an aunt he was related to Frederic Myers, whose works are quoted frequently in this volume. He had not lacked an opportunity in a worldly way and he was possessed of the refinement and charm to which such an environment as his would naturally lead. He went, as have all others, the "way to dusty death" while he was still a boy. "For them all is gain: and even for us the gain will ultimately outweigh the loss," Lodge says.

There is strength and comfort in these pages and inspiration in the revelation of how this one great sorrow which is typical of almost every home in England has been surmounted.

CHRISTOPHER: A STUDY IN HUMAN PERSONALITY. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

"The Valley of Vision"



HENRY VAN DYKE
Author of "THE VALLEY OF VISION"
© Photo. by MIEE MACDONALD

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH.
STORIES, sketches, dreams—these make up the contents of Henry Van Dyke's latest book, *The Valley of Vision*. These have all seen previous publication in magazines and are brought together without much consideration for unity. They are rather fugitive in form and in style show the qualities of idealism and poetry which usually inhere in Dr. Van Dyke's writing. There is considerable symbolism, expressive of the religious element which is strongly present in much of the author's work. This may be illustrated by the first study in the volume, *A Remembered Dream*, which pictures two figures, counterparts of each other, one pleading, the other proudly resisting the appeal.

"At last I heard him speak.
"I have done with you," he cried. "I do not believe in you. I have no more need of you. I renounce you. I will live without you. Away forever out of my life!"

"At this a look of ineffable sorrow and pity came upon the great companion's face.

"You are free," he answered. "I have only besought you, never constrained you.

Since you will have it so, I must leave you now, to yourself."

"He rose into the air, still looking downward with wise eyes full of grief and warning, until he vanished in silence beyond the thin clouds.

"The other did not look up, but lifting his head with a defiant laugh, shook his shoulders as if they were free of a burden. He strode swiftly around the corner of the cathedral and disappeared among the deep shadows.

"A sense of intolerable calamity fell upon me. I said to myself:

"That was Man! And the other was God! And they have parted!"

"Then the multitude of bells hidden in the lace work of the high tower began to sound. It was not aerial fluttering music of the carillon that I remembered hearing long ago from the belfries of the Low Countries. This was a confused and strident ringing, jangled and broken, full of sudden tumults and discords, as if the tower were shaken and the bells gave out their notes at haphazard in surprise and trepidation."

Many of these sketches are of war scenes and incidents reflecting the author's observations in Belgium and France and revealing his strong feelings against German oppression. The most humanly dramatic of these informal narratives is one called *A City of Refuge*, where two lost children are brought in to the Dutch commandant, who tries to find a home for them, speaking to the women in the sewing room about them.

"Look here! These two children—I want somebody to adopt them. Their names are Hendrik and—"

"A commotion at the lower end of the room. A thin, dark little woman is standing up, waving her piece of sewing like a flag, her eyes flaming with excitement.

"Stop!" she cries, hurrying and stumbling forward through the crowd of women and girls. "Oh, stop a minute! They are mine—I lost them—mine, I tell you—lost—mine!"

"She reaches the head of the table and flings her arms round the boy, crying, 'My Hendrik!'

"The boy hesitates a second, startled by the sudden wildness of her caress. Then he presses his hot little face in her neck.

"Lieve moeder!" he murmurs. "Where was you? I looked?"

This book shows the pleasant, easy style, the high idealism, the gentleness and sanity of spirit that are characteristic of Dr. Van Dyke. The volume is attractively illustrated.

THE VALLEY OF VISION. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50

"Madam Constantia"

By W. B. McCORMICK.

OF all the wars that have been fought in our country the Revolution still savors more than any other of the romantic. And this glamour clings round its memories, although we know that it was a dreary time in the Colonies, a time filled with harshness, cruelty, heartbreaks, poverty and desolation. All of these elements abound in the pages of Jefferson Carter's *Madam Constantia*, but most of all it is the romance that thrills through these pages, which purport to be plucked from the journal "of a prisoner of war in the Revolution in South Carolina."

This prisoner was one Major Sir Edward Craven of the Thirty-third Regiment of Foot, who in an effort to save his orderly in the flight from the battlefield at King's Mountain had his horse shot down under him and was taken captive by Capt. Wilmer of the American forces. Mr. Carter has the art to enshroud his tale from the beginning with an air of mystery that is at once intriguing and filled with a sense of foreboding out of which gleams no light of its real cause. Wilmer has a daughter, the Madam Constantia of the title, who lives on a lonely plantation up in the Carolina hill country with only an ancient aunt for companion. Major Craven's wounded arm makes his stay at the plantation imperative until Marion, "the Swamp Fox," makes his appearance on the scene and puts the prisoner on parole. From his plight he is rescued by a band of raiding British officers who take him back to Winnsboro, where Lord Rawdon was temporarily in command of Tarleton's forces.

But in that interval the prisoner had fallen in love with Madam Constantia. And on this event hung all that followed after, including the revelation as to who and what Capt. Wilmer was; what befell him at Winnsboro; how Constantia and Lord Rawdon, all unsuspecting, helped him to escape, and how near both Wilmer and Major Craven came to the hangman's rope. The episodes on the plantation, in British headquarters at Winnsboro and at the old mill on the Wateree fairly reek with the atmosphere of romantic drama; and some playwright has his three acts ready here at his hand, settings and all. But it is the story we are concerned with, and this may be appraised as one of first rate quality that will give its readers the reward of dipping once more into that rose lit world where Romance glorifies everything, even unto war and poor humanity.

MADAM CONSTANTIA. By JEFFERSON CARTER. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

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